G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. X.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

NO. 503.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MRS. HADDEN.

The next day, Arthur Fletcher was out fish ing through an opening, made for that purpose, in the ice on the river; and some young men were skating near, gracefully sweeping the graceful bends of the stream, hither and thither. Jamie Hadden was with them. He had rode over, for an hour or so with "the Bridge boys;" and finding them out on the ice, he had taken some skates from Mr. Tillotson's store, and set all the echoes of the hills and barns about to saying, "Hallo! hillo! Jamie Hadden! Hadden! Hadden!" A salmon trout, a handsome fellow, caught away, bit by bit, the last morsel of Arthur Fletcher's carefully-selected, carefully-fixed bait, while, concealed by a huge rock launch off upon another consideration of the initial out, he looked on the jolly greetthat jutted out, he looked on the jolly greet-

know that; nobody knows more about that than and the wood. 1 do : for, you see, he's given me more than ten dollars, one time and another, since he's been here, without once asking, or looking into my face as if he wanted to ask, how I was going to spend it. That's all the best of it, don't you think so?" Young Cabot looked up, laughing, from the cords he was disentangling "The old man" (he meant his father) "is particular, you see. He's afraid I'll be guzzling brandy every hour of my life, if I have the chink by me, I suppose, because he has happened to see me

pretty well boozled twice." "Has he?" Jamie asked, starting.

"He has, old fellow!" looking down on his work with a gathering frown, and jerking the

Jamie did not speak. He sat with his thoughtful eyes on the far-off, misty-blue hills. "I suppose you don't think much better of "I suppose you don't think much better of my brandy-drinking than I do of your Know Nothingism," said Cabot, at length, without looking up, without letting his frown go at all. "They're both mean enough, if the truth is known; but you followed good men, you say, into your Know Nothingism; I can say that I followed good men into my brandy-drinking."

Jamie looked up, inquiringly, with the thoughtful eyes still, still with the sorry mouth thoughtful eyes still, still with the sorry mouth the

wine once a day or so, brandy (tut!) once ame. And, think of it as you will, my Jamie Hadden, my good fellow, (for I honestly think ginning to except 'our minister,') it is exactly up to as if you thought he were a sort of Jesus,

but he's mighty—lazy, or something of that sort. The old man" (the frown that came at every mention of his father, coming now)

"thinks he's good, but he's as rigid and set and cross as the devil. He is! He's one of your one-idea men. Some of these men—they're calling us; they're for going—some of these men are for Slavery; that is, for the abolition of it; and they don't know, you can't afford it—that's just it. It won't do. You see, our party can't take most there, Tommy."

"Jamie!" said young Cabot, beckoning him before he fairly got his overcoat off. The two went away together, and nothing more was seen of them until the tea-bell rang. Then they came down from Jamie's chamber, their little fingers locked together, their countenances, bright, but showing the traces of strong abolition of it; and they don't know, you can't afford it—that's just it. It won't do. You see, our party and take to go the party take to go in by my party. I have to go in by my party. I have to go in by my party, and, of course, I can't afford it—that's just it. It won't do. You see, our party can't take to won't do. You see, our party can't take most there, Tommy."

"Jamie!" said young Cabot, beckoning him before he fairly got his overcoat off. The two went away together, and nothing more was seen of them until the tea-bell rang. Then they're calling us; they're for going—some of them until the tea-bell rang. I have to go in by my party. I have to go in by my party, and, of course, I can't afford it—that's just it. It won't do. You see, our party take up that kind of thing. It won't do. You see, our party and they do. You see but he's mighty-lazy, or something of that most there, Tommy." they're calling us; they're for going—some of these men are for Slavery; that is, for the abolition of it; and they don't know, you can't convince them that there's another evil in the country but Slavery. Even so much disunion and smashing up are nothing. Nothing is anything, but Slavery. The old man's hobby is temperance, and has been, whenever there's the least thing to stir him up in this direction, these twenty years. If a boy drinks anything beyond home-brewed beer, he's on the road to under heaven. If a man drinks a little, ever at perdition, fairly. In this way, he helps drive a fellow there, if he did but know it! If I'm ever a drunkard, (yes, Jamie, as you say, God ferbid!') but if I ever am, I know what I all his discourse, giving manliness and light to shall do. I shall lift my hand so," thrusting a quaking hand up into the air; "looking back She went out, at last, to see what little Kate shall say to him—' You did it, sir! Trying to drive me away from it; when I was a great way off, and in no danger, you drove me into it! and here I am!' He screamed the words with both hands aloft, thrust a little forward, and energetically spread, as if he were a demon. "I should say to my uncle Arthur," continued he, after a brief pause, and coming down at once, "I should say to him, 'You led me, uncle, but you didn't mean it.' This would not be words with you didn't mean it.' This would not be words with you didn't mean it.' This would not be were a brief pause, and coming down at once, "I should say to him, 'You led me, uncle, but you didn't mean it.' This would not be well as a horizontal property and so would not be lieve him, Arthur Fletcher! he devours it, every word of it! I can't get it for that was the day for it—he generally got it the hour that it came, he said—"for my wife;" he looked back, to add, as he was following Mrs. Hadden out—"of course, I don't myself care anything about the Whig and Abolition concern."

"Ah!" contended Mrs. Hadden, tucking her head back into the room, close by his shoulder, will he do before he is fifty? Now, Frank, you do know that this system of Slavery, if we don't vours it, every word of it! I can't get it for

there are other works for one like him to be in both his, and with his head close by hers, to

there are other works for one like him to be doing here among men, than lying in wait, day after day, for the creatures of the stream.

CHAPTER XV.

"Sloshy day, Mr. Fletcher," remarked the yeoman, Crockett, as he was driving his slowest of all slow ox-teams along past Colonel Cabot's wide gate. Arthur Fletcher and his namesake were there, harnessing, as if in haste.

"What, sir?" asked Fletcher, pausing a little in his work. little in his work.
"Sloshy day under foot; ter'ble wet, like;"

lifting his stout boot, to show how it was soaked. "Whoa, hish!" to his oxen. "Whoa! hish! don't ye hear?"

The oxen heard, and halted. Mr. Crocket

some skates from Mr. Tillotson's store, and came out to them; had been greeted with a merry "Hallo! hillo! Jamie Hadden!" that Fletcher how he thought town meet'n was "like

to wait, even to see Mr. Crockett take himself off the gate the third time, as if he were going, only to settle again, (this time with his back to the gate,) to thrust his elbows over, and

that jutted out, he looked on the jolly greetings and hand-shakings of the youngsters. By and by, something was amiss with one of Arthur Cabot's skates, when he and Jamie (who for some time had been abstractedly steering one way and another, by themselves) drew up one way and another, by themselves) drew up to the shore, and sat down on some rocks close to the shore, and sat down on some rocks close by the large one beyond which Arthur Fletcher was—angling.

"He's a capital fellow, uncle Arthur is; I by the large one beyond which Arthur Fletch-

They met Squire Blake when almost over to He was letting his horse plod, with his own chosen, sleepy gait, up a slight ascent, when they met him, while he, with his chin dropped on his breast, watched, abstractedly, the A's and V's his whip-lash was describing

in the soft snow.
"Ahah!" said he, like one waking, when he saw them. His horse stopped; and then young Cabot drew in his rein.

"Our horses up here in New Hampshire time, you know,) to stop at every team they meet," said the good-natured Squire, laughing a little. "Bound for F——?"

"Yes, sir." "For-for Mr. Hadden's, if I may ask?" as if he were a good deal ashamed or afraid

"For Mr. Hadden's, Squire Blake," answered Fletcher, with a look of straight-forward honesty on all his handsome face. "Any com-

"They're both mean enough, if the truth is the truth is known," tucking in his buffalo

"You say you followed uncle Arthur, Dr. Hammond, Esquire Such-a-one, and Esquire This-one," resumed Cabot. "I followed precisely the same men when I drank my brandy. It is own future with "a sober certainty of washing to had undertaken. He determined to petition the little admonitions of Caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing to he had undertaken. He determined to petition the little admonitions of Caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of Caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of Caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of Caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty of washing local state of the little admonitions of caution, looking to his own future with "a sober certainty You are surprised, I see; perhaps you doubt it; but it's a fact. When these men are with a certain set, under certain circumstances of place and time, they drink brandy. This is all with—"Good! Jamie Hadden will go right was a candidate for the next State Legislature, do. 'Tis all I ever mean to do. I never up, you see," suiting his words with the spirited mean to get boozled again; I don't suppose that uncle Arthur, or Dr. Hammond, either, ever get boozled. Good! now the thing will do," shaking his foot, to try the firmness of the skate. "Come, old fellow!" starting to his the sorry face he had when I told him what a classification. The visited nim for the purpose of getting nim to never the present such a petition.

Our readers will look in on the scene, in a small retired back room of Frank's office, where his bachelor establishment as yet was kept. Clayton had been giving him an earnest acfeet-"I've given you the blues, I see. Too bad! devil of a way I was getting to. Ch'ck, Tom! count of his plans and designs. For, there's one thing you and the old gentle- we two are in a hurry! I've been wondering man may depend on—I will never be a drunkard, or anything mean. I will drink a little
now and then. I won't work very hard, if I
can any way live without it"—

we take in a larry! I we been wondering
what makes me sure of doing all I want to;
and I know, in the first place, I hadn't got
very deep in the mire, you see; I hadn't
got so as to soak down the brandy, because I
It's of no use to enact laws for his protection od for us young men in this life," interrupted Jamie, speaking earnestly, looking earnestly into Arthur's face.

"I think I do. I like the way uncle Arthur lives. Hunting, fishing—getting into the Legislature, for the fun of it, without caring a devil for the pay—clubs, handsome chambers, books strewed around, handsome slippers, and robe de chamber, hound and good-blooded steed, wine once a day or so, brandy (tut!) once a genius and a liking for it so that I could never do, as a genius and a liking for it so that I could never do, as a genius and a liking for it so that I could never what I had had a genius and a liking for it so that I could never what I had had a genius and a liking for it so that I could never what I had had a genius and a liking for it so that I could never what I could never when I could never what I had had a genius and a liking for it so that I could never what I could never what I could never when I could a genius and a liking for it, so that I could what's to be done about it." have struck off at once into the right path, and think of it as you will, my Jamie begun to climb, I wouldn't have minded it.

y good fellow, (for I honestly think it is very plain what's to be done about it."

"Why, I think it's very plain what's to be done." said Cleyton. "Go right forward and it is should have liked it. Just let me feel that enlighten the community. Get the law reformers to the result of the result is exactly and hard the result in the result."

and hard the steps are. But to be forever and, Frank, you must help me."
barred in there, scooping teas and sugar, and "Hum!" said Frank. "Now, the fact is, measuring calicoes, with my hankering and Clayton, if I wore a stiff white neckcloth, and had thirsting after air, stir, and study, you see. But then, after all, I'd no business to make the matter ten times worse, by flying to brandy and to complete idleness, and all manner of rollicking, had I? No young man has a right to be

Arthur Fletcher, were all beside or near Mrs. Hadden's work table, in the parlor, considering young Cabot and Jamie's future, and laying plans; and, while they considered and laid plans, Mrs. Hadden, at least more than once, said Clayton. "Isn't there any great and good work that has beauty for you? Isn't there any. dropped her part of the colloquy, quite losing herself, thinking that, certainly, she had never known Arthur Fletcher until now. It had always been easy enough to find intelligence in

was doing for tea. Mr. Hadden, at the same time, went to bring his Tribune from the office—

be enough to say to him. Saying this would half-kill me; for there's something somes along that he must attend thing about him, this something that you spoke of, that I love with all my soul. I don't sup-

him, even as he had her, from the first hour they met. And then, with her head lying on his shoulder, he was silent; giving thanks to God for that great blessing; vowing, before Him, that she should forever look back to that hour, as the one in which she had sealed, not his joy only, but her own also.

For the National Era.

THE ANGEL GUEST.

BY RUTH HABPER

She brought him pure white raiment, and food

And bade him rest his weary frame upon the down Then, as she was departing, athwart the purple gloom,

Made by the silken drapery, that shadowed all the room Came streams of golden brightness; she turned, and

No sickness fell upon her; yet on the seventh day,

DRED:

A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

hess in this world, Jamie Hadden; did you know it?" asked Arthur, describing a circle on his skates. "Uncle Arthur thinks he's good; then, late. Can't he, Tom? Tom, we are al-

work that has beauty for you? Isn't thing in heroism and self-sacrifice?"

"Well," said Russell, after a short pause, "may be there is; but, after all, Clayton is there? The world looks to me like a confounded hum-The world looks to me made a bug, a great hoax, and everything is going in bug, a great hoax, and everything is going in for grub; and, I say, hang it all, why shouldn't I have some of the grub, as well as the rest?"

of, that I love with all my aonl. I don't suppose he knows it, or thinks of it; but one that takes hold of us young fellows, of everybody, as he does, or can do, when he lays himself out, ought to be pretty careful how he orders his steps. Whoop! hurra! see this! He was calling out to the others. He went like lightning to meet them; they, answering his call, coming like lightning to meet them; they, answering his call, and have the control of the steps of the whole of the steps of the sake of the whites, the moment they were left alone. Her hand lay on the take her they were left alone. Her hand lay on the take his is carrying us back into barbarism, as for this is carrying us back into barbarism, as first as we can go. Virginia has been ruined ble; his, supported by his elbow, had been raised to his head; but, in speaking to her, he let it fall and lay on hers. She looked up suddenly, startled by the tones of his voice, and by the electric touch of his hand; then she dropped her head more and more, as he told her what esteem and love he had for her; how she could not know, how no woman, with her gentler woman's nature, could the lower classes, who want to be respectable, woman, with her gentler woman's nature, could be had in the lower classes, who want to be respectable, woman work and in what have a more of the whites, the moment they were left alone. Her hand lay on the taking her along the hall to the kitchen door, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we must do something for the sake of the whites, the most of the sake of the whites, the had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we had no feeling of the sake of the whites, the most is fast as we can go. Virginia has been ruined by it—run

first step towards progress, some time, or we

first step towards progress, some time, or we ourselves are all undone."

"Clayton," said Frank, in a tone not quite as serious as his own, "I tell you, as a solemn fact, that we can't do it. Those among us who have got the power in their hands are determined to keep it, and they are wide awake. They don't mean to let the first step be taken, because they don't mean to lay down their power. The three-fifths vote that they get by it is a thing they won't part with. They'll die first. Why, just look at it! There is a least twenty-four millions of property held in this way. What do you suppose these men care about the poor whites, and the ruin of the State, and all that? The poor whites may go the devil, for that? The poor whites may go the devil, for all them; and as for the ruin of the State, it won't come in their day; and 'after us the deluge, you know. That's the talk! These men are our masters; they are yours; they are mine; they are masters of everybody in these United States. They can crack their whips over the head of any statesman or clergyman, from Maine to New Orleans, that disputes their will. They govern the country. Army, navy, treasury, church, state, everything is theirs; and whoever is going to get up not their left. ever is going to get up must go up on their lad-der. There isn't any other ladder. There isn't am interest, not a body of men, in these whole United States, that they can't control; and I United States, that they can't control; and I tell you, Clayton, you might as well throw ashes into the teeth of the north wind, as undertake to fight their influence. Now, if there was any hope of doing any good by this, if there was the least prospect of succeeding, why, I'd join in with you; but there isn't. The thing is a fixed fact, and why shouldn't I climb up on it, as well as everybody else?"

as everybody else?" "Nothing is fixed," said Clayton, "that isn't fixed in right. God and nature fight against

"They do, I suppose; but it's a long cam-paign," said Frank, "and I must be on the side that will win while I'm alive. Now, Clayton, to you I always speak the truth; I won't humbug you. I worship success. I am of Frederick the Great's creed, 'that Providence goes with the strongest battalions.'
"I wasn't made for defeat. I must have

"I wasn't made for defeat. I must have power. The preservatisn of this system, whole and entire, is to be the policy of the leaders of this generation. The fact is, they stand where it must be their policy. They must spread it over the whole territory. They must get the balance of power in the country, to build them selves up against the public opinion of mankind. "Why, Clayton, moral sentiment, as you call it, is a humbug! The whole world acquiesces in what goes—they always have. There is a

in what goes—they always have. There is a great outery about Slavery now; but let it succeed, and there won't be. When they can outvote the Northern States, they'll put them down. They have kept them subservient by intrigue so far, and by and by they'll have the strength to put them down by force. England makes a fuss now; but let them only succeed, and she'll be as civil as a sheep. Of course, men always make a fuss about injustice, when they have nothing to gain by holding their tongues; but

a humbug, but it's every man's duty to know for himself that he isn't one. I am not. I do but it's every man's duty succeeding or not."

"Well, now," said Frank Russel, "I dare say it's so. I respect your sort of folks; you form an agreeable heroic poem, with which one can amuse the tediousness of life. I suppose it won't do you any good to tell you that you are getting immensely unpopular, with what you "No," said Clayton, "it won't."

"I am really afraid," said Russel, "that they'll mob you, some of these bright days."
"Very well," said Clayton. "O, of course, I knew it would be very well; but say, Clayton, what do you want to get up a up one to prevent the separation of families? There's been such a muss made about that in Europe, and all round the world, that it's rather the fashion to move about that a little. Poli-

the lashion to move about that a little. Politicians like to appear to intend to begin to do something about it. It has a pleasing effect, and gives the Northern editors and ministers something to say, as an apology for our sins. Besides, there are a good many simple hearted follows that the deal's assets the deal's are sent described. folks, who don't see very deep into things, that really think it possible to do something effective on this subject. If you get up a petition for that, you might take the tide with you; and I'd do something about it, myself." "You know very well, Frank, for I told you.

that it's no use to pass laws for that, without giving the slaves power to sue or give evidence, in case of violation. The improvement I pro-

"That's the fact—it surely does!" said Russel. "And, for that very reason, you'll never one question. Can you fight? Will you fight?
Will you wear a bowie-knife and pistol, and shoot every fellow down that comes at you?"
"Why, no, of course, Frank. You know that I never was a fighting man. Such brute ways

are not to my taste."

"Then, my dear sir, you shouldn't set up a reformer in Southern States. Now, I'll tell you one thing, Clayton, that I've heard. You made some remarks at a public meeting, up at E., that have started a mad-dog cry, which I suppose came from Tom Gordon. See here; have you noticed this article in the Trumpet of Liberty?" said he, looking over a confused stack of papers on his table. "Where's the article? O, here it is."

At the same time he handed Clayton a sheet bearing the motto "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and pointed

" Covert Abolitionism! Citizens, Beware!-We were present, a few evenings ago, at the closing speech delivered before the Washington agricultural Society, in the course of which the peaker, Mr. Edward Clayton, gratuitously wan-lered away from his subject, to make inflammatory and seditious comments on the state of the laws which regulate our negro population. It is time for the friends of our institutions to be awake. Such remarks, dropped in the ear of a restless and ignorant population, will be a fruitful source of sedition and insurrection. This

young man is supposed to be infected with the virus of Northern Abolitionists. We cannot too narrowly watch the course of such individuals; for the only price at which we can maintain iberty is eternal vigilance. Mr. Clayton be-ongs to one of our oldest and most respected families, which makes his conduct the more in excusable." Glayton perused this with a quiet smile, which

Frank Russel.

"I'm sure I said very little," said Clayton.

"I was only showing the advantage to our agriculture of a higher tone of moral feeling among our laborers, which of course led me to speak of the state of the law regulating them, I said nothing but what everybody knows."

"But, don't you know, Clayton," said Russel, "that if a fellow has an enemy—anybody bearing him the least ill-will—that he puts a tremendous power in his hands by making such remarks? Why, our common people are so ig-

quaked, and in what new emotions of self-accusation and fear. He went home like one in a dream, leaving his brace of fish and half his fishing-tackie lying there on the ice and cn the shore. He would have felt "a grass-hopper a burden" in that hour. It was made known to him, moreover, in that hour, that hour, that hour, that hour is the shore of the shor

won't compromise me with my party."
"Thank you," said Clayton, "I shall not

trouble you."

"My dear fellow," said Russel, "you philosophers are very much mistaken about the use of carnal weapons. As long as you wrestle with flesh and blood, you had better use fleshly means. At any rate, a gentlemanly brace of pistols won't hurt you; and, in fact, Clayton, I am serious. You must wear pistols—there are no two ways about it. Because, if these fellows know that a man wears pistols, and will use them, it keeps them off. They have an objection being shot, as this is all the world they are likely to have. And I think, Clayton, you can fire off a pistol in as edifying and dignified a manner as you can say grace on proper occasions. The fact is, before long there will be a row kicked up. I'm pretty sure of it. Tom Gordon is a deeper fellow than you'd think, and he has booked himself for Congress; and he means to go in on the thunder-and-blazes principle, which will give him the vote of all the rabble. He'll

you can't settle any other way. And nothing no one at hand positively to contradict him. would suit him better, to get his name up, than But the account is very deficient in dates. heading a crusade against an Abolitionist."

"Well," said Clayton, "if it's come to that, that we can't speak and discuss freely in our

own State, where are we?" "Where are we, my dear fellow? Why, I they do not seem to be very consistent. No know where we are; and if you don't, it's time you did. Discuss freely? Certainly we can, on one side of the question; or on both sides of any other question than this. But this you can't discuss freely, and they can't afford to let many wives, the heroines and beauties, some you, as long as they mean to keep their power. Do you suppose they are going to let these poor devils, whites, get their bandages off their eyes, that make them so easy to lead now? There many wives, the heroines and beauties, some of whom the painter would have been almost sure to sketch, while fixing on his canvass so many other and inferior ones. Viewed, as we would be a pretty bill to pay, if they did! Just think the book must be, as half fiction, exhibitnow, these fellows are in as safe and comforta- ing a succession of wild scenes and adventures, ble a condition for use as party could desire; because they have votes, and we have the guiding of them. And they rage, and swear, and tear, for our institutions, because they are fools, and don't know what hurts them. Then, there's in the particular points which might stamp it are such a sort of fussy set, that whatever is going on in the community is always in their mouths, and so comes up that old fear of insurmore peculiar, would naturally be its results. rection. That's the awful word, Clayton! That we look for in vain. Beckwourth, the hunter

land. And how came that to stand? Because it knew when to vield : because it never con-

cy of France has been blown to atoms."
"My dear fellow," said Russel, "this is all very true and convincing, no doubt: but you won't make our aristocracy believe it. They and numerous readers will swallow down its almost superhuman exertions, she is rescued, life for us. The South understands governing. We are trained to rule from the cradle. W have leisure to rule. We have nothing else to do. The free States have their factories, and their warehouses, and their schools, and their internal improvements, to fill up their minds; and, if we are careful, and don't tell them too

plain where we are taking them, they'll never of force that you've left out in your calculation.' "And what's that?" said Russel. "God!" said Clayton.

"You may have occasion to learn, one of these days," said Clayton. "I believe he is

Presidential election, is, who shall henceforth phere indicate an approaching hurricane. Whether it shall sweep this Union from its foundations, or whether it shall be prosperously and never had, any connection with the party that selected him. Personally, I know him not, but I have read the history of his life, and I foremost in every useful enterprise; unexcep-tionable in morals; with an intellect elevated by nature, and cultivated in laborious fields of duoriginal purity; and to relieve that instrument, which Washington designed for the preservation and enlargement of Freedom, from any longer perverted to the multiplication of slave States and the extension of Slavery."

stopped in this city yesterday, on his way to the late Kansas meeting at Buffalo. While here, the following colloquy occurred between him and "Are you acquainted with Mr. Fremont, Mr.

"Very well-he dined with me several times family."
"What kind of a man is he?'

"He is the most modest man I ever knew he rarely speaks, unless spoken to; a man of

"Well," said Clayton, "I have talked with or McDowell, of Virginia, (an Abolitionist.) "Well," said Clayton, "I have talked with some of the ministry"—

"And, of course," said Frank, "you found that the leadings of Providence didn't indicate that they are to be martyrs! You have their prayers in secret, I presume; and if you ever get the cause on the upper hill-side, they'll come out and preach a sermon for you. Now, Clayton, I'll tell you what I'll do. If Tom Gordon attacks you, I'll pick a quarrel with him, and shoot him, right off the reel. My stomach isn't nice about those matters, and that sort of thing won't compromise me with my party."

or McDowell, of Virginia, (an Abolitionist.) Mrs. Fremont told me her mother tanght her to hate Slavery, and she did hate it. She said she would never own a slave, nor permit one It is of her work. She did her own work, rather. It is of great importance that he be elected. The question is not now a constitutional question, but a question of blows—a war question; and if the first battle is to be in Kansas, we should cast aside party, and fight the battle."

Syracuse Journal.

The Rebielv.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTS Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer and Chief of the Crow Nations. With Illustrations. Written from his & Brothers. For sale by Franck Taylor, Washingto

We strongly suspect that no small deductio must be made from the multifarious record of events and encounters here narrated. That there is a basis, in the half-savage life of the hunter of buffaloes and scout in Indian warfare, for a "long yarn," as the sailor might say, own way, and we can fancy a lurking smile at young man, the object of her love, and the father go into Congress to do the fighting and slashing. There always must be a bully or two there, you know, to knock down fellows that the thought how glibly he puts together such Comparing parts of the Indian adventures among the Crows, his chieftainship, &c., with Catlin's well-known book, published years since, such characters or portraits are there to be sure to sketch, while fixing on his canvass so pared heart. Dr. Morris has done well to give and depicting incidents of savage life with the perils of the forest path, it has much to interest the reader. The details, however, are lacking sorry to meet them here, where they illustrate the niggers. Those fellows are deep. They have as long ears as little pitchers, and they are such as could be picked up without the long Belle Scott; of, Liberty Overthrown. A Tale for the large such as could be picked up without the long Crisis. Columbus: D. Anderson. Cincinnati: George lies at the bottom of a good many things in our and mountaineer, is undoubtedly one of that the effective tale it contains. We regret that State, more than we choose to let on. These class who are to be met with all through the he is obliged to take such a course, since that

have mounted the lightning, and they are going HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, and another of the guardian is exposed; she is made free, to ride it, whip and spur. They are going to of the Abbott Story Books, called the THREE annex Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, and the Lord knows what, and have a great and splendid slaveholding empire. And the North is mer ones, and of a similar cast in readable GOLD DOLLARS, profusely illustrated as forgoing to be what Greece was to Rome. We matter. Likewise, THE MARTINS OF CRO' shall govern it, and it will attend to the arts of MARTIN, a tale of Irish life, by Charles Lever, whose reputation in this style of writing is well known. He has written hetter, we think

Mystery, indeed! Our author enters upon know it till they get there."

the solution with right good will, and grapples it manfully. But, has he fathomed it? No, nor can he or any other mortal ever do so. Re move one difficulty, and yet others face you "I don't know anything about him," said One grand trouble in the discussion is the liability of the mind to practice a fallacy upon itself. Our author, in this volume, has not escaped this stumbling-block. He writes in general in clear language. There is no particular The Hon. Josiah Quincy, sen., now 85 years difficulty in understanding him, though parts of of age, and still a young man, has published his work are more obscure than others. He the address which he delivered in Quincy, last makes many statements, and does so with per-June. We copy from the Boston Atlas the haps an air of dogmatism that shows, we should think, the teacher accustomed to lay down doctrines to pupils. He says many good things, and his aim is a most laudable one. He is a reverent rule the nation-the slave States or the free believer in Revelation, the great truths of the States? All the aspects of our political atmos- Bible, and of the Cross of Christ. Man, he statement on universal consciousness, that howweathered, depends, under Heaven, on the man ever men may be constrained in doing, yet is whom the people shall choose to pilot them through the coming storm. In my judgment, that man is John Charles Fremont. I have not, was adequate to the contrary choice. All assertions or fancied proof to the contrary cannot set aside the fact. But when our author comes believe him to be a man as much marked out to the real gist of the question—the how, the by Providence for the present exigency of our untying of the Gordian Knot, he is as much at fault as every other. Evil, moral evil, is the and it is difficult at times to detect in his lanmen generally do come, from the mass of the peo-ple. Nursed in difficulties; practiced in sur-a free moral agent, perfectly holy, and, as we result of the will of a free moral agent. But should mounting them; wise in council; full of resources; self-possessed in danger; fearless and prince of the now fallen angels, make that choice, and step out from the line of duty, happiness, and glory, into rebellion and misty—I trust he is destined to save this Union from ery, the mystery is as great as ever. In the first effort of his muse. His Mystic and Spirit of Fulmer, &c., as to supposed conversations bold, earnest discussion of truths to which conwell. There is nothing but what has been said over and over again thousands of times, though possibly wearing here a new dress of language. But when he puts forth his hand to cope with GERRIT SMITH AND FREMONT .- Gerrit Smith such metaphysicians as Jonathan Edwards and Sir William Hamilton, he fails. He blinks the question, or rather, often practices a fallacy on lation of such a being to the phase in which he himself by changing the point at issue, and then dealing with it as if it were the same. It is a book, however, of deep interest to those who are brances of a shade flitting about from one part brances of a shade flitting about from one part advantage. Sometimes we thought that he fond of such discussions. We question if it be of the world to another, with no definite imnot of a nature, from its subject and mode of pression of what the author's ideas are. There But at other times he apparently had an inkling argument, to find but few readers among the is much more use than in Festus of new-coing and the many for whom there is so much more coming ed language—in some instances, too, where the his tongue out, and his eyes a little aslant, seem more attractive in style and matter. It is well printed, and, so far as style and paper are confar the best, and parts of it are beautiful. But fer a squirrel; but if I can't have that, an empty the spell of Festus, which seemed to take hold would eatch him if he was there. Besides, peosuch as do, we can promise they will find

man, by John G. Morris, Paster of the First Lutheran Church, Baltimore. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Thackeray's Ballads are very much such there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep things as we should expect from him. Often Well, every dog must have his day, and every

man author's name is not given, but it is ex- of pathos, vivid by description without any pressively translated. It relates to a period of aim to be so, because perfectly natural, it is Protestant history that can never be effaced from pleasant to read them. They cannot, however, the records of time. It brings us into the in- be placed very high in the order of poetical merit, terior heart of the great Reformer of Germany, nor does the author probably so regard them. and depicts, with life-like freshness, the passing They are thrown off with no thought that any scenes and characters at Wittenberg. Wrought one will mistake their character-lively sketches in with incidents that are often of touching pa- the most colloquial and even coarse phrases set thos, are many of Luther's conversations, and together with the more refined and elegant, portions of his writings, thus illustrating his they present a curious mixture of almost all views on a variety of the most important truths sorts of subjects, originals and translations, of the Scripture. The great doctrine of justi- satires and ditties, thrown together by no laws fication by faith, in opposition to salvation by of association, but in admirable confusion. The works of man's own and his self-righteousness, popularity of the author may give them a wider stands forth prominent. The interest of the story centers round the blind girl, whose rela- they can claim. tions to a father and sister, by whom she has been long ill-treated and discarded, but to whom she became reconciled, and each of whom, like herself, are led to true peace by the grace of

God and faith in a crucified Redeemer. A young Italian artist, whose father and mother in former days have been connected in the in cidents of the life of the blind girl's father, also bears a prominent part in the tale, and he is the instrument by whom the development is reached The sister dies, the blind girl is united to the restored to health, and in his right mind blesses them. The scene in part is laid during the prevalence of the plague at Wittenberg, and in the course of the story we are introduced to Luther in his horse and with his family, and on what seems his dying bed, as well to him as to the faithful pastor and teacher by the side of the sick, and probing with a fearful searchingness the conscience of the guilty, till the time is come to speak the words of peace, and minister true consolation. In an artistic point of view, the story is well put together, and we can commend it to our readers as a book which, amid its lights and shades, conveys many a lesson to the preit an English dress. Parts of Luther's views of course will not command the assent of even Protestants; but, in depicting him as he was, it was necessary to give a certain degree of prominence to these-and in this aspect we are not his character and history.

For reasons that justify him in so doing, the author of this volume withholds his name from nothing to gain by holding their tongues; but England's mouth will be stopped with cotton—
you'll see it. They love trade, and hate war.
And so the fuss of Anti-Slavery will die out in the world. Now, when you see what a poor hoax human nature is, what's the use'of bothering? The whole race together aren't worth a button, Clayton, and self-sacrifice for such fools is a humbor. That's my programme!"

State, more than we choose to let on. These far West and it through the far West and in California, abandoning civilized life, to herd among Indians, or others like himself, and, regardless of the customs or laws only see that anything is being done, it will be an effectual prevention. If you want insurrection, the only way is to shut down the escape gies for his polygamy, and other vices and in California, abandoning civilized life, to herd among Indians, or others like himself, and, regardless of the customs or laws only see that anything is being done, it will be an effectual prevention. If you want insurrection, the only way is to shut down the escape gies for his polygamy, and other vices and hate war.

State, more than we choose to let on. These far West and in California, abandoning civilized life, to herd among Indians, or others like himself, and, regardless of the customs or laws only see that anything is being done, it will be an effectual prevention. If you want insurrection, the only way is to shut down the escape gies for his polygamy, and other vices and button, the only way is to shut down the escape life. He would have been a guaranty for the truth important to the important to the indians, and the succession of the succession of the customs of the succession of t You see, in this day, minds will grow. They reader, hurried on by tale of forest dangers and to heart. It is the tale of a young Virginia one occasion, seen a red squirrel run into a hole are growing. There's no help for it, and there's bloody warfare, may stop not to mark them, girl, kidnapped in childhood, carried off, and no force like the force of growth. I have seen a rock split in two by the growing of an elm. yet the rules of stricter judgment compel us reduced to slavery, by an uncle, the executor he was not there forevermore. a rock split in two by the growing of an elmtree that wanted light and air, and would make
its way up through it. Look at all the aristocmany of the Missouri outlaws, whose barbaridepriving her of an heiress's portion, places her
kept up a regular romp with Noble. They would racies of Europe. They have gone down under ties in Kansas are so well known, might find under the yoke of bondage. After a variety of come down from the maple trees with provoking this force. Only one has stood—that of Engtheir counterpart here, though of course all is incidents, she reaches a free State, makes an coolness; they would run along the fence all not told that might have been. Aside from the attempt for her liberty, is held under the Fugifined discussion; because it gave way graceful- incongruities of the story, and the unbounded tive Slave Law, and sent to prison. While

> but so injured that her death is the final re-From Mr. Taylor, also, we have received sult. This is not, however, before the knavery wealth. The unfolding of the varied events, as bearing on the main point, is managed with The argument against the Fugitive Slave Law put into the mouth of Belle Scott's advocate tian. We should fear that the sense of judicial responsibility to God is not yet high enough, even into the Constitution of the United States. Whether such a train of thought has ever actually been addressed to a judge in a plea for wish to stand in his place, if, setting it all aside, goes, in his own turn, to appear before the with which Mr. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman, and Mrs. Johnston, are depicted, render them gathers chiefly round Belle Scott, and we feel freedom, and to reward, as the reader all along

> > THE MYSTIC AND OTHER POEMS. By Philip James Builey

believes she will, her champion with her hand.

BALLADS. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Boston Both of these works for sale by Taylor & Maury, Wash ington, D. C. Two volumes of poetry, both by distinguish ed anthors, but of very different complexion and character. The first is dreamy, recondite, guage the author's meaning; the other, plain as a pipe-stem, full of humor, mostly a sort of rattled-off lines, careless as to matters of taste, and yet not always deficient in some of the elements of true poetry. The author of "Festus" has never, in our opinion, equalled that ual Legend, in the present volume, fall far beneath it. We do not deny that there is rich and what not, they are pure fictions. The poetical imagery, and often, also, harmonious measure; but, grand as perhaps some may be the men who spread them become endorsers disposed to call the conception, we do not fancy wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the Express, like Noble, has opened on the Ganges, in Greece, &c., in these transmigrations opens the way to describe the assimiappears. But the veil rests over all, and, at bly-the Express and Noble-a church with plain Saxon would have been better. Of these poems, the shortest, a Fairy tale, is in our view a dog's feelings. I should, of course, much pre of and captivate the reader, and make him feel entranced, as Montgomery said, "as though think that I have got something. It is needful

should be addressed to
G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C. circulation, however, than any intrinsic merit

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Risetoric and Oratory. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington.

The results of the studies and reflections of a an of thought and observation are always a valuable accession to literature. In this light we regard the volume now before us. The pics are of high interest. True views of oraory, preaching, criticism, and habits of readg and writing, with the necessary preparation or communicating one's thoughts to others. specially, should engage the attention of the outh of our country. There is ever a tenden-, and never perhaps has it been more so, to suberance in style; and many are beguiled rom a chastened simplicity of language, by he idea that high-sounding words only can gain currency at the present day. The fact is, that the assumption has too much of truth. A volume like this may help to apply the needed orrective. Professor Channing's well-known putation, and the calm, clear method in which he enunciates and sustains his views, entitle them to careful consideration. The ook is not a popular one in the sense in which many are so; yet, to those who love to peruse he productions of a mind of elegant polish. expressed in a chaste and refined diction, it will be a welcome addition to the means of inellectual improvement. The biographical sketch, prefixed by Richard H. Dana, jun., Esq., interesting, especially for the account which t gives of the origin and progress of the North merican Review, in which Professor Channing bore his share, and which, under the ediorship of Tudor, Channing, Dans, Everett, Sparks, and others, has exercised so important an influence in the formation of literary opinons and taste in this country.

ly before the growing force of the people. That's self-glorification which is the staple of the the reason it stands to-day, while the aristocrable book, it is written well enough for the purpose, Commissioner, the prison takes fire, and, with

scribed. He filled it full of barking. He pawed tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, he whould rush at the empty hole with a pro

digious onslaught. views, is ingenious, and commends itself to the and day. The very squirrel himself would run a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole even in the free States, to plant itself on the low of no doubts. His conviction that that hole "higher law," which it claims to be wrought had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six he had slept all that his dog-skin would hold,

> We had almost forgotten this little trait, until the conduct of the New York Express in respect to Col. Fremont's religion brought it ludicrous-ly to mind. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, as sound a Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith, and has never changed. He is unacquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended the services of curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague be lief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal honor and proper knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to at tend that church. Nor has be in any way, di rectly or indirectly, given occasion for this re

> solute, and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood, from top to skin back to the core again. In all its parts, in pulp, tegument, rind, cell, and seed, it is

unfaltering firmness."

"Is he a slaveholder?"

"Is he a slaveholder?"

"In Blind Gist, or Withersand in Reformation. From the Gerling of the nut.

Thus of Luther and the Reformation. From the Gerling that I have got something. It is needful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides, is dissolved. There is nothing of it, surelong, that I have looked into this hole so long, that I have half persuaded myself that long, that I have half persuaded myself that

This is a work of much interest. The Ger. genial, humorous, with dashes now and then dog must have his way. No doubt, if we were